

## call me on the line by preserumkink

**Category:** Stranger Things - Fandom

**Genre:** Dirty Talk, Enjoy Though!, Fingering, Flirting, Grinding, Harringrove, M/M, Masturbation, Mostly Smut, Nipple Play, Overstimulation, Phone Sex, Slight feminization, Some Fluff, billy is a phone sex operator, mentions of being fucked against the shower wall, sorry - Freeform, this was so rushed because i had the porn but no plot

**Language:** English

**Characters:** Billy Hargrove, Jonathan Byers, Nancy Wheeler, Steve Harrington

**Relationships:** Harringrove - Relationship, Jonathan Byers/Nancy Wheeler, Steve Harrington & Billy Hargrove, Steve Harrington/Billy Hargrove

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**Summary:**

billy is a phone sex operator and steve is curious (and horny).

## call me on the line

### Author's Note:

okay im finally posting my second work! i have so many unfinished fics that i have to get done but i just keep thinking of new ideas to write im literally terrible i know. feel free to leave some comments i love hearing from you guys! i hope you enjoy!

(also you can find me on tumblr at [billyhargroveapologist.tumblr.com](http://billyhargroveapologist.tumblr.com), and twitter at [twitter.com/glamourcruelty](http://twitter.com/glamourcruelty))

steve was glad that he was actually hangout with nancy and jonathan instead of sitting at home doing nothing like he normally does. when steve and nancy broke up, it was really awkward because of how things ended, and he didn't quite know how to act towards jonathan since he was the one that nancy left him for. but after talking things out with nancy, he realized it was better to let bygones be bygones and move forward. ever since steve and nancy broke up, the two became incredibly close. nancy was the first person steve came out to as gay. she accepted him with open arms and told him she would always be there for him, no matter what. so yes, steve was at a good place in his life, for once.

steve's parents were gone for the weekend so nancy suggested the three hangout at his place after school. steve agreed and cleaned up his house a bit, getting drinks ready and ordering pizza. nancy and jonathan showed up at 6:15, with bottles of liquor in their arms.

it was around 9:00 and the three were sitting in a circle on the floor of steve's living room. nancy and jonathan were pretty tipsy, and suggested that they play a game of truth or dare.

"c'mon stevie it'll be great!" nancy spoke enthusiastically, sipping her beer and draping her arm around jonathan.

steve chuckled and took a swig of his drink. "okay okay, lay it on me then."

“truth..... or dare?” nancy says dramatically, jonathan accompanying her with a dramatic “dun dun dun!”

“fuck it- dare,” steve says, nervously waiting for whatever crazy thing nancy was going to make him do.

“i dare you....” she looks around the room, her eyes locking on the phone book sitting on a shelf near the television. “ha!”

the brown haired girl jumped up and stumbled over to grab the phone book. she flipped through the pages until she found what she was looking for and laughed mischievously.

“there!” she handed steve the phone book and pointed to a number. “call it, now.”

steve stared at the number, then rolled his eyes as he read the words on the line above it.

“Room Mates: A Gay Hotline...” steve read aloud, watching nancy and jonathan burst into laughter. “really?”

the couple nodded, jonathan handed steve the table top phone. he sighed and grabbed it from the boy, giving him the finger, to which jonathan did the same back.

steve sat the phone in front of him and dialed the number, waiting patiently as it rang. after a few seconds, someone picked up. steve shushed the couple and nancy’s face lit up.

“hello...” steve stammered, nervously awaiting a reply.

a male, monotone voice boomed through the phone. “hi there baby, what can i do for you on a night like this?”

the voice sounded strangely familiar but steve brushed it off. he could tell the guy was not very happy with his job. whatever, he clears his throat and replies.

“the question is... what can’t you do for me?” steve watched nancy’s face turn red and covered the phone as he laughed out loud.

the man on the other line sighed.

“listen if this is some sort of prank call then knock it off, you’re wasting my time and my money.”

steve froze when the realization had hit him. he quickly hung up the phone and pushed it away from him. nancy and jonathan looked at him, concern painted across their faces.

“what the hell happened?” jonathan asked.

steve ran his fingers through his hair. “dude said they were charging by the minute so i hung up, don’t want that showing up on the bill.” he quickly lied.

“you mean people actually pay to dirty talk with some creep over the phone? instead of having real sex?” nancy spat in disgust.

“i guess so,” steve sat uncomfortably, playing with the hem of his shirt. “but hey, it’s hard out there, you gotta do what you gotta do.”

nancy shrugged. god, if she only knew what steve was about to do when her and jonathan left that night.

it was around 1 AM when a drunken nancy and jonathan stumbled out of the harrington household and made their way home. steve stood at the door to bid them farewell and told them to get home safe. once the couple was out of sight, steve quickly shut and locked the door, already regretting what he was about to do.

steve grabbed the telephone book that was laying face down on the carpet and plopped himself onto the couch. he flipped through the pages until he found the number that he called earlier.

steve knew that voice. there was no way he couldn’t remember that voice. it’s the same voice he hears every day. calling him “princess” and “king steve”. looking for any excuse to bump into him and tell him to “watch it”. it’s the voice he hears in the locker room, when he’s standing under the shower, letting the hot water run onto his aching body. it’s the voice that comes up close behind him and says “don’t sweat it harrington, pretty boy like you’s got nothing to worry about.” it’s the voice that sent shivers down his spine.

steve grabs the phone and quickly dials the number, biting his nails, nervously waiting to hear that voice.

“hi there baby, what can i do for you on a night like th-“

“billy?” steve mumbled into the phone. this situation could either go really bad or really good, he’s hoping for the latter.

billy sat in a small office a bit bigger than a closet. each operator had their own little room where they could take calls in private. he started the job a few months ago, using a fake name and making sure his identity was completely hidden. the person who ran the hotline was completely fine with anonymity, as long as billy did his job and did it well, it wouldn’t be a problem. he needed a source of income and he sure as hell wasn’t going to work at some shitty convenience store where all of hawkins high could bother him at their leisure. plus, the money was better here. callers were charged by the minute, and if billy had to talk dirty to some creep on the phone for an hour to make some good money, he sure as hell would. anything to get him out of the living hell that he calls his home.

“who the he...harrington?” billy’s heartbeat was going a mile a minute. if it ever got out that he was working at a phone sex hotline his father would kill him. “listen, you tell anybody about this and i swear to god steve-“

“relax...” steve sighs, feeling guilt bubble up inside him. he should’ve never called and bothered billy, the kid goes through enough as it is. “i’m not telling anybody, promise.”

steve hears the younger boy sigh in relief. “i know... thank you, i mean.” billy stammers. “why you calling here anyways, harrington?”

“the real question is why are you working as a phone sex operator?” steve teases, twirling the cord of the phone around his finger.

billy laughs. god, that laugh. “trying to make some extra money so i can get the fuck out of my house. i got my own office here and all i gotta do is talk to horny old men all day.”

“intriguing,” steve replies, laying down and making himself more

comfortable. “although...i don’t really think i’m a horny old man.”

“oh- right i apologize,” billy knew exactly where he wanted this to go. “you aren’t an old man at all. but... are you horny?”

and steve can practically hear the younger boy smirk through the phone. he clears his throat and feels that familiar pool of heat forming in his stomach. how the fuck is he supposed to respond to that?

“i don’t- i mean should i be?” steve chokes out. he starts to inch his hand slowly from his stomach to the top of his sweatpants, playing with the strings attached to them. “are you?”

billy stood up and walked over to the door of the room. he flipped the sign hanging from the door to “do not disturb” and slammed it shut, then sauntered back over to his office chair, unzipping his jeans along the way.

“now that i’m talking to you, yes.” he whispered into the phone and sat back down, stretching his legs out and ghosting his hand over his growing erection. “i mean you did call a phone sex hotline, so we might as well do it.”

steve snuck his hands under his tshirt and tossed his head back, rubbing his nipples and bucking his hips up into nothing but air.

“do what?” the older boy smiled, knowing exactly what billy meant.

“don’t play dumb pretty boy... i know that you’re touching yourself right now. i can hear it in your voice.” billy growled, his breath hitching as he palmed himself through his too-tight jeans.

“wish it was you who was touching me,” steve spread his legs and thrust into the air again, craving some sort of friction, and imagining it was billy that he was rutting up against.

billy slid down his pants and released his dick. he stroked himself thinking about how good steve would look on his knees sucking his cock, the little noises he would make as he swallowed him whole, gagging and sputtering around him.

“really? you want me to get you off, huh?” billy thrust up into his fist, petting the head of his cock. “should’ve waited ‘til the showers were empty today after practice so i could fuck you up against the wall. you’d like that wouldn’t you?”

“god- yes,” steve gasped, his pants and underwear were off, thrown across the room. he spread his knees apart and sucked on his pointer finger, pressing it against his hole. “what else would you do?”

billy sucked on his bottom lip, smiling at the fact that steve was so riled up. he continued jerking himself off, picking up the pace as he thought about all the things he wanted to do to steve.

“i’d sit you on my lap, make you rut up against my leg until you came. i wouldn’t touch you at all because i know i wouldn’t have to. you’re so desperate you’d cream your pants after 2 minutes, wouldn’t you?”

steve’s stomach fluttered listening to the filthy things billy whispered through the phone. he struggled to find a comfortable position and soon found himself sitting up and straddling a decorative pillow, arching his back as he pressed his groin against it. the older boy was quiet for a few seconds, the only sounds coming through the phone were small whimpers and desperate groans.

“you there?” billy asked, sliding his hand up and down his torso. he teased himself, pinching and pulling at his sensitive nipples. “wanna hear you. what are you doing?”

“yeah- ‘m here, sorry- fuck.” steve continued to grind against the pillow, imagining he was on billy’s lap, with billy’s gorgeous hands trailing over every inch of his body, except where he wanted it most.

“steve, what are you doing? tell me how you’re getting off. tell me how you feel.” billy repeated, getting slightly frustrated because he was so close, and wanted steve to push him over the edge.

“i’m on the couch,” steve murmured, arching his back as he teased his hole with his fingers. “straddling a pillow, fuck-“ the older boy sobbed, shoving a finger inside himself.

“yeah? wishing it was my lap you were on, right?” billy panted, feeling his thighs tremble. he desperately pulled at his cock, knowing that his orgasm was building up.

“yes- god, yes, want your fingers inside me, i can’t reach- fuck,” steve struggled to find his prostate and pressed another finger inside himself, desperate for something to fill him up. he simultaneously rutted against the pillow and worked his fingers in and out of his hole.

“god i wish i could see you right now princess, you probably look so hot,” billy stopped touching himself. he didn’t want to come just yet, the moment was too beautiful. “you wouldn’t be struggling if i were there, steve. i’d fill you up so good, fuck- i bet you’re so tight aren’t you?” he dragged his fingers across his belly, ghosting them over his cock and watching precome leak from his slit.

billy moaned as he heard steve scream, guessing that meant that he finally found his prostate.

“billy- more, please talk more, ‘m so close,” steve was crying, his cheeks red with tears streaming down his face. he wanted billy so fucking bad. he clenched his thighs against the throw pillow and pressed up against it, fingers still scissoring his hole.

“okay- shh it’s okay baby,” billy could sense how overwhelmed steve was, listening to him sob and whimper through the phone. “gonna make you feel so good one day, for real.”

“you will?” steve paused. after this he expected billy to just move on with his life and pretend like it didn’t happen. hearing the younger boy say for real made steve’s heart flutter.

“yes, i will, shit-“ billy began to jerk himself off again. “i wanna take care of you, show you what you’ve been missing all this time. wanna make you come harder than you’ve ever come before.”

“i want that so bad fuck- please billy,” steve felt his hole clench around his fingers and squirmed against the pillow, feeling that familiar coil forming in his stomach.



“want you to come for me. make make a mess for me all over that pillow. what are you gonna tell your parents, harrington? gonna tell them the new kid from california fucked you over the phone?”

“stop- shit, im coming, billy- im coming!” billy’s words pushed steve over the edge, he shuddered as he felt his orgasm take over, ropes of come covering the now ruined pillow. he rode out his high, pulling his fingers out of himself and sucking on them.

“me too, baby- fuck,” billy pulled at his cock, orgasming soon after. cum spurted onto his stomach and chest. he dragged his fingers through it, bringing the digits up to his lips and licking them clean.

nothing was said for a while. the only thing to hear was quiet panting and deep breaths.

“am i getting charged for this?” steve broke the silence, chuckling.

“no,” billy laughed, running his hands through his hair. “not if you pay me back one day...in person.”